

THE
DREAM OF GERONTIUS

BY
JOHN HENRY CARDINAL NEWMAN

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Copies have been printed, of which
Five Hundred are for sale.*

This Copy is Number

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BY

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

CARDINAL DEACON OF THE HOLY ROMAN CHURCH, AND OF THE DEACONRY
OF SAN GIORGIO IN VELABRO (1879-90)

WITH A COMPLETE FACSIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL FAIR
COPY AND OF PORTIONS OF THE FIRST ROUGH DRAFT

TOGETHER WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE REVEREND JOHN (JOSEPH) GORDON
OF THE CONGREGATION OF THE ORATORY (TO WHOM THE POEM IS INSCRIBED)
COMPILED FROM DETAILS BY THE REVEREND EDWARD CASWALL AND
THE REVEREND WILLIAM THOMAS (PHILIP) GORDON, OF THE SAME
CONGREGATION, AND FROM OTHER SOURCES, AND CONTAINING
AN APPRECIATION BY CARDINAL NEWMAN

The formal World relaxes her cold chain
For One who speaks in numbers ; ampler scope
His utterance finds ; and, conscious of the gain,
Imagination works with bolder hope
The cause of grateful reason to sustain.

WORDSWORTH.

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Facsimile of the complete MS., dated January 17, February 7, 1865.

Facsimiles of extracts from the first Rough Draft of MS., as follows:—

1. Jesu Maria! I am near to death.
2. O what a heart-subduing melody!
3. Then I was sent from heaven to set right.
4. Is in the case of each anticipated.
5. Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment.
6. O man! albeit the quickening beam.
7. O loving wisdom of our God.
8. Softly and gently, dearest, [] soul.

MEMORANDUM ON THE MSS. OF THE 'DREAM OF GERONTIUS'

THESE are two manuscripts of the poem. The first, with repetitions, corrections, and erasures, is on fifty-two scraps of paper, some specimens of which are here given. This first rough draft, of considerable interest as showing the method of working, is thus referred to in a letter of Cardinal Newman to Mr. Allies¹, dated 11 October, 1865:—'On the 17th of January last it came into my head to write it, I really cannot tell how. And I wrote on till it was finished on small bits of paper, and I could no more write anything else by willing it than I could fly.' These were probably for the waste-paper basket.

The second manuscript, a fair copy on foolscap with further corrections and erasures, is dated at the top 17 January, 1865, and concludes with the date 7 February, 1865, so that the *Dream*, consisting of 875 lines, as numbered in pencil by the author at every fifth line, took twenty-two days in the writing. The author seems to have been fairly possessed with, and carried along by his subject to a completion, in spite of necessary interruption of every kind, whereas in the case of Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' one interruption was fatal to further progress.

In the fair copy, 'Help, Lord,' a hymn, written in 1857², is inserted after Psalm lxxxix (xc), said by the Souls in Purgatory; and a second translation of the Psalm is pasted over the first³. The omission of the hymn is indicated by a pencil-line down the centre. Amidst the variants, it will be readily conceded that the author's choice is always the best, which cannot be allowed of some final alterations of other great poets.

The ten lines beginning—

The eager spirit has darted from my hold

and ending with—

Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God

appear to have been an afterthought. They are not in their place, but are given (with their context repeated) on the last page following the conclusion of the poem.

A copy of the *Dream*, not holographic, now in the British Museum, was sent with autograph corrections to Fr. Coleridge, S.J.⁴, Editor of the *Month*, and appeared in two portions, in successive numbers of that periodical (April, May, 1865). On the 22nd of November, 1865, Dr. Newman wrote to the Editor:—

¹ Thomas William Allies, M.A. Oxford (Wadham College), Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory, Rector of Launton, Co. Oxford; author of *The Formation of Christendom, Per Crucem ad Lucem*, &c.; convert.

² *Verses on Various Occasions*, by John Henry Newman, 1st ed. 1868, p. 311.

³ Neither the Douai nor the Authorized Version is chosen, and verses 5, 9-12 are omitted.

⁴ Henry James Coleridge, M.A. Oxford (Trinity College), Fellow of Oriel College (1822-93), younger son of the Right Hon. Mr. Justice Coleridge, P.C., D.C.L. Oxford.

‘I am taking your suggestion and publishing *Gerontius*.’ This was done, and the *Dream* dedicated to Fr. Gordon. The inscription runs:—

FRATRI DESIDERATISSIMO
JOANNI JOSEPH GORDON
ORATORII S.P.N. PRESBYTERO
CUJUS ANIMA IN REFRIGERIUM.

IN DIE COMM.
OMN. FID. DEF.
1865.

J. H. N.¹

A short biographical sketch of Fr. Gordon is in place here, the more so seeing that Cardinal Newman, who completed his poem exactly a week before the anniversary of the Father's death which took place on 13 February, 1853, had privately printed a ‘Memoir of Fr. John Gordon, of the Birmingham Oratory, to whom the *Dream of Gerontius* is dedicated, London, 1888’, which includes an appreciation by himself apparently written in 1856. In felicitous terms he appraises the character, abilities, and sacerdotal labours of his friend and brother Oratorian, in an estimate which leaves little to be desired. There are few, if any, now living, that ever saw or knew him, and none who could say better what the Cardinal says so well²,

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

John Gordon was the second son of John Gordon of Dominica, West Indies, being one of a family of five sons and three daughters. He was born there 30 August, and baptized there 2 November, 1811. His mother, Victoire Madeline Rose, daughter of Balthazar Blanc, was married there 22 August, 1809. ‘From the first,’ writes Fr. Caswall, ‘he was remarkable for his affectionate disposition and extreme sensitiveness, and at the same time for his high spirit, and also for his truthfulness.’ John was sent to Rugby School when twelve years old, and remained there four years. He was in the first cricket eleven, and known on the football field as ‘charger John’. He was also called ‘modest John’. On leaving school he stood top of the fifth form.

He was now sixteen, and through the interest of Admiral Sir Charles Adam³ obtained at seventeen a cadetship in the Indian Army. He left England in February, 1829, and remained on duty at Calcutta with the 33rd Regiment. Two years later he chanced to injure his hand in a cricket match; stayed at the house of Archdeacon Corrie⁴, to whom he opened his religious mind, already awakened by reading Law's *Serious Call*⁵; and was advised to take Orders. Invalided home, after three months' illness in 1831, the doctors declared against

¹ Fr. Joseph was his name as Oratorian. General Charles Gordon's copy has the words ‘Joanni Joseph’ separated off by pencil marking from ‘Gordon’, thus delicately indicating an *impromptu* dedication to himself.

² A note to the Memoir runs:—‘Copied from a Memoir written by F. Caswall, and read on the Feast of St. Michael, 1856, premising that for all the details of the earlier part, I [i.e. Dr. Newman] am indebted to his brother, a priest of the Oratory of London [i.e. Fr. Philip Gordon].’

³ Sir Charles Adam, K.C.B., a Lord of the Admiralty, Governor of Greenwich Hospital (1780–1853).

⁴ Daniel Corrie, LL.D. Cambridge (Clare and Trinity Halls), first Anglican Bishop of Madras (1793–1837).

⁵ William Law, M.A. Cambridge, Fellow of Emmanuel College, whose book has been admired by Johnson, Gibbon, Wesley, and Newman (1686–1761).

a further Indian career, and John Gordon entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1833, and proceeded to B.A. in 1837.

‘He did not read for honours,’ writes Fr. Caswall, ‘but his tastes were all intellectual, and he was in the religious set. . . . He was entirely free from all cant and mannerism. Wherever he went, he was the life of the party, and as eager as a boy in any game.’

At Cambridge he recounts listening with enthusiasm to Mr. Simeon¹, the great Evangelical divine; at Oxford, on Ascension Day and the following Sunday, 23 May 1841, he heard Mr. Newman at St. Mary’s. ‘I thought I could have wept at times from mere fulness of heart. Newman’s reading is peculiar and most affecting,’ he writes. Again, ‘Newman both read and preached wonderfully, my heart was swelling the whole time².’

Mr. Gordon’s first curacy was at Levens, Westmorland; his second at Barkway, Herts., under Mr. Irons³. Finally he joined Mr. Dodsworth⁴ in February, 1842, at Christ Church, St. Pancras, resigning with Mr. New and Mr. Garside⁵ in 1846. After further brief missionary labours he retired to Bath, lived with his mother, attended Mass regularly, and was received into the Church by Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Hendren⁶ at the Convent Chapel, Taunton, 24 February, 1847. He then published nine letters in the form of a pamphlet, entitled *Some Account of the Reasons of my Conversion to the Catholic Church*, of which there were eight or more editions. On the 12th of January, 1848, he and his brother William visited Mr. Newman at Maryvale, near Birmingham, spending three or four days there; returned thither on the 17th of February, and on the 24th, exactly a year after John’s reception, both brothers entered the Congregation of the Oratory⁷. Cardinal Newman’s appreciation is now added:—

‘The Father is accustomed to say⁸ that there is nothing which has touched him more, or has remained more deeply engraven on his mind, than the generous confidence with which Father Gordon committed himself to him, without as yet having any personal knowledge of him. At the time that Father Gordon was received, our Father was in Rome, whither he had gone to present himself before

¹ Charles Simeon, B.A. Cambridge, Fellow of King’s College, Incumbent of Holy Trinity, and a Founder of the Church Missionary Society (1750–1836).

² The Sunday’s text was from Apoc. iii. 21. These sermons are not in the dated list at the end of Mr. Newman’s *Sermons on Subjects of the Day*, edited by the Rev. William Copeland.

³ William Josiah Irons, D.D. Oxford (Queen’s College), Hon. Canon of St. Paul’s, &c.; author of *The Analysis of Human Responsibility*, &c. (1812–83).

⁴ William Dodsworth, M.A. Cambridge (Trinity College), writer, and convert (1798–1861).

⁵ The Rev. Charles Brierley Garside, M.A. Oxford, Hulme Exhibitioner (Brasenose College), S.T.B. Rome, the scholarly author of *Discourses on some Parables of the New Testament* and *The Prophet of Carmel*, dedicated to Mr. Serjeant Bellasis and Dr. Newman respectively. He joined Frederick Oakeley at Margaret Street Chapel, and became a Catholic priest (1818–76).

⁶ Joseph William Hendren, D.D., O.S.F., Bishop of Nottingham (1791–1866).

⁷ William Thomas (Fr. Philip) Gordon, Oxford (Christ Church), eventually joined the London Oratorian Community, and became several times its Provost, after the death of Dr. Faber. He died 22 June, 1900, in London, aged 72.

⁸ On Fr. Philip Gordon’s written authority, and from internal evidence, it is Dr. Newman who is now writing in 1856 in the third person, the ‘Father’ referred to being himself. The ‘Father’ is a short term, used familiarly, for the ‘Father Superior’, Provost being the present official term.

the Pope [Pius IX], and to ask leave of His Holiness to set up the Congregation of St. Philip in England. Immediately on his return, Father Gordon hastened to him, and put himself into the Father's hands without reserve. The love he felt for the Father did but increase the mortification of this act. From the nature of a religious congregation, two persons who wished to be intimate with each other could not be so without an intervening delay. Accustomed from the singular clearness of his perception, the keenness of his intellect, and the persuasiveness of his conversation, to make friends rapidly and soon to be amongst the foremost wherever he was, he now at once had to subside into the position of a novice, who has to be silent, and to do nothing which is not pointed out to him. The first had to become last, and to take the lowest seat. He had to postpone the gratification of wishes which had led him to be where he was. And so it was, that, not even when the Congregation left their country home and came to Birmingham, had Father Gordon had the opportunity of familiar intercourse either with the Father himself, or with the others who had come with him from Rome. A second time, then, was he obliged to give proof of an affection which had not been visibly returned, and of a magnanimity to which most men would have been unequal. He promptly and unreservedly put himself afresh into the Father's hands and at the Father's service, and was one of the chief of those who began the Mission in Alcester Street [Birmingham]. With what success, with what a blessing he then laboured, it needs not me¹ to tell. In some departments of missionary and Oratorian work, he stood by himself with an excellence of his own. We all recollect what animation he imparted to any undertaking which he began; how interesting was his conversation; how impressive were his instructions; how his remarks struck home; how very mild, how courteous was his manner (what the world calls gentlemanlike), tempering the impetuosity of his reasoning by the meekness and gentleness of his bearing; and then, besides, how he could bring people together, mark out their work for them, and keep them to it; how skilfully and efficiently he managed the schools; what vigour he imparted to the singing of the Oratory Hymns, the first collection of which in a printed form is due to his zeal: how forcible he was in discussion, and above all how happy in making converts; conversion, indeed, seems to have been his special gift; and as it was with a view to making converts that he published his little work already mentioned—still so popular—*Reasons for my Conversion*, so it was in a great measure for their use that he compiled that other larger work, now in such repute both in England and in America, *The Golden Manual*. To him, as much as anyone (under Divine Providence and the patronage of St. Philip), the establishment of our Mission in Alcester Street was owing. It is a great mercy when a man's work endures; there are some who are active and create a sensation, who are brilliant and winning, but the effect of whose exertions

¹ Here, and twice later on, Dr. Newman drops the third person, apparently by inadvertence.

soon ceases, and is forgotten—they begin well and end poorly. The grace of Him to Whose supreme service Father Gordon had devoted himself, dealt otherwise with him. He has been taken away early, but not his work,—his work remains.

‘But, alas! that work was almost limited to Alcester Street; he was not allowed to serve St. Philip and assist us here¹. He had taken a foremost part in choosing our site, but he did not live to see or do more than take possession of it. The building of this house had not long commenced, when he showed symptoms of that feebleness which brought him to the grave. The house was begun in December, 1850. On the 14th of February after (just two years before his death within a day) we felt it right to send him on a short visit to St. Leonards in Sussex, for change of air and a milder climate. He returned by the first of March, the Saturday before Ash Wednesday, and remained in Birmingham for Lent and Easter till St. Philip’s day. Immediately after, on May 27th, he set off to Brighton for two months, till the 4th of August. He still was not well; indeed fresh symptoms then showed themselves of an alarming character, as the event bore out. In the Autumn, when the Father had need of the presence of friends in Italy, in order to collect evidence for the serious trial² in which he was engaged, Father Gordon was one of the two Fathers³ deputed by the Congregation for that purpose. He was selected, among other reasons, because of his state of health, which it was hoped a southern climate would benefit. I say, among other reasons, because that loving zeal which had ever actuated him in our Father’s behalf manifested itself on this occasion; and he exerted himself beyond his strength for the attainment of the object which was the direct cause of his journey. He was absent for three months; and when he returned his appearance was not satisfactory. This was on the 10th of February, 1852. It was a most exciting, trying year. He returned only to see the last month and the death of our dear Brother Aloysius [Boland]. The death of Lady Olivia Acheson⁴ followed. The trial in which he was so much interested took place in June: but the suspense and anxieties of the process continued after it, and to the end of the year he was harassed by anxieties, which certainly preyed upon his health, which still declined.

‘On St. Cecilia’s day, November 22nd, the Father was called up to London for judgment. It was too much for Fr. Gordon: faithful to his own loyal heart; on that day he was seized with a pleurisy, and when the Father returned from London on the morrow with his process still delayed, he found him in bed. It was the beginning of the end. He languished and sank, got worse and worse,

¹ i. e. at the Oratory, Edgbaston.

² The action for libel in the Queen’s Bench, before Lord Campbell, Lord Chief Justice of England, and Mr. Justice Coleridge, brought by Dr. Giacinto Achilli against Fr. Newman, on account of a passage in his ‘Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England’, delivered in the Corn Exchange, Birmingham.

³ The other was the Rev. Nicholas Darnell, M.A. Oxford (New College), who died 8 April, 1892.

⁴ 28 March, 1852. She was third daughter of Archibald, 2nd Earl of Gosford, G.C.B., Governor-General of Canada, and one of the early workers in, and benefactors of the Oratory Mission, and a donor of free seats to the Church.

and at the end of nearly three months, on the 13th of February, 1853, he died at Bath. We all loved him with a deep affection; we lamented him with all our hearts; we keenly feel his loss to this day. But the Father's bereavement is of a special kind, and his sorrow is ever new.

'We are warned by the Apostle "not to be sorrowful as others who have no hope". For dear Father Joseph the change is gain; nor to us, in spite of the appearance of things, is it really loss. He Who takes away can compensate: and our Holy Father St. Philip himself reminds us that "God has no need of men". His mercies abound and continue. Every year brings with it fresh instances of them. In our *degree* we may humbly use the Apostle's words, and bless the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, Who comforteth us in all our tribulation; for as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so also by Christ doth our comfort abound¹.'

'We could not have a greater loss than Fr. Gordon's,' Dr. Newman wrote. 'He was the life of our Oratory. I do not know what we are to do without him².'

Fr. Gordon received the last Rites from Fr. Hodgson. Taking the hand of his brother Robert, a clergyman of the Established Church, he said, 'I do not say that I do not fear to die; for death must always be a fearful thing. God's justice is very terrible, but then in the crucifixion, God's mercy appears so very great, so awful that it supports us under the awfulness of His justice.' At another time, at Our Lady's name, he brightened up and said '*Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve*'. After the Recommendation of the Departing Soul, and amid short ejaculations by Fr. Philip Gordon, Fr. Joseph quietly expired in the presence of his mother, whose mainstay he had been during her widowhood; and surrounded by brethren mourning a heavy bereavement³. He was laid in the vault of Bath chapel, after a solemn Requiem had been sung; and he was finally interred in the little cemetery at Rednal, Worcestershire, where rest also Cardinal Newman, and Fr. St. John, Fr. Mills, Fr. Caswall, Fr. Neville, Fr. Ryder (to all five of whom the *Apologia* is inscribed), and other Oratorian brethren.

The Cardinal's inscription to him in the Birmingham Oratory cloister is subjoined:—

ORATE PRO DULCISSIMA ANIMA
PATRIS JOANNIS JOSEPH GORDON
QUEM FIDEI SIMPLICITATE ET SINCERITATE
MORUM COMITATE INGENII SINGULARI VI PRAEDITUM
LEPIDUM HUMANUM AMABILEM
HINC AD S. PHILIPPUM SUUM
DEO SIC DISPONENTE
POST BREVE QUINQUENNium
LENTA EHEU! TRANSMISIT AEGROTATIO
DIE FEB. XIII M DCCC LIII

EDWARD BELLASIS.

¹ St. Paul, 2nd Ep. Cor. i. 3-5. Here Dr. Newman's tribute to his brother Oratorian ends.

² Letter of 10 Feb. 1853, to Mr. Serjeant Bellasis.

³ These details are from a letter of Fr. Philip Gordon, dated 14 Feb. 1853, to Mrs. John Bethell, printed with the 'Memoir'. Mrs. Gordon died 28 May, 1872, aged 79. in London; her husband was buried 15 June, 1836, at St. Andrew's, Plymouth, aged 58.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

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§ I

GERONTIUS

JESU, MARIA—I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me; I know it now—
Not by the token of this faltering breath,
This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,
(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)—
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)
That I am going, that I am no more.
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,
(Lover of souls! Great God! I look to Thee,)
This emptying out of each constituent
And natural force, by which I come to be.
Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before;
'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers!—'tis he!
As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance now,
And could fall back on nought to be my stay,
(Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole Refuge, Thou,)
And turn no whither, but must needs decay
And drop from out the universal frame
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness, of which I came:
This is it that has come to pass in me;
O horror! this it is, my dearest, this;
So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

ASSISTANTS

Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.
 Holy Mary, pray for him.
 All holy Angels, pray for him.
 Choirs of the righteous, pray for him.
 Holy Abraham, pray for him.
 St. John Baptist, St. Joseph, pray for him.
 St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. John,
 All Apostles, all Evangelists, pray for him.
 All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.
 All holy Innocents, pray for him.
 All holy Martyrs, all holy 'Confessors,
 All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,
 All ye Saints of God, pray for him.

GERONTIUS

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man ;
 And through such waning span
 Of life and thought as still has to be trod,
 Prepare to meet thy God.
 And while the storm of that bewilderment
 Is for a season spent,
 And, ere afresh the ruin on thee fall,
 Use well the interval.

ASSISTANTS

Be merciful, be gracious ; spare him, Lord.
 Be merciful, be gracious ; Lord, deliver him.
 From the sins that are past ;
 From Thy frown and Thine ire ;
 From the perils of dying ;
 From any complying
 With sin, or denying
 His God, or relying
 On self, at the last ;
 From the nethermost fire ;
 From all that is evil ;
 From power of the devil ;

Thy servant deliver,
For once and for ever.

By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,
Rescue him from endless loss ;
By Thy death and burial,
Save him from a final fall ;
By Thy rising from the tomb,
By Thy mounting up above,
By the Spirit's gracious love,
Save him in the day of doom.

GERONTIUS

Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
Firmly I believe and truly
God is Three, and God is One ;
And I next acknowledge duly
Manhood taken by the Son.
And I trust and hope most fully
In that Manhood crucified ;
And each thought and deed unruly
Do to death, as He has died.
Simply to His grace and wholly
Light and life and strength belong,
And I love, supremely, solely,
Him the holy, Him the strong.
Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis oro te,
Miserere, Judex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.
And I hold in veneration,
For the love of Him alone,
Holy Church, as His creation,
And her teachings, as His own.
And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Adoration aye be given,
 With and through the angelic host,
 To the God of earth and heaven,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
 Miserere, Judex meus,
 Mortis in discrimine.

I can no more ; for now it comes again,
 That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
 That masterful negation and collapse
 Of all that makes me man ; as though I bent
 Over the dizzy brink
 Of some sheer infinite descent ;
 Or worse, as though
 Down, down for ever I was falling through
 The solid framework of created things,
 And needs must sink and sink
 Into the vast abyss. And, crueller still,
 A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
 The mansion of my soul. And, worse and worse,
 Some bodily form of ill
 Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse
 Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and flaps
 Its hideous wings,
 And makes me wild with horror and dismay.
 O Jesu, help ! pray for me, Mary, pray !
 Some angel, Jesu ! such as came to Thee
 In Thine own agony.
 Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me. Mary, pray for me.

ASSISTANTS

Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,
 As of old so many by Thy gracious power :—(Amen.)
 Enoch and Elias from the common doom ; (Amen.)
 Noe from the waters in a saving home ; (Amen.)
 Abraham from th' abounding guilt of Heathenesse ; (Amen.)
 Job from all his multiform and fell distress ; (Amen.)
 Isaac, when his father's knife was raised to slay ; (Amen.)
 Lot from burning Sodom on its judgment-day ; (Amen.)

Moses from the land of bondage and despair ; (Amen.)
 Daniel from the hungry lions in their lair ; (Amen.)
 And the Children Three amid the furnace-flame ; (Amen.)
 Chaste Susanna from the slander and the shame ; (Amen.)
 David from Golia and the wrath of Saul ; (Amen.)
 And the two Apostles from their prison-thrall ; (Amen.)
 Thecla from her torments ; (Amen.)
 —so, to show Thy power,
 Rescue this Thy servant in his evil hour.

GERONTIUS

Novissima hora est ; and I fain would sleep,
 The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy hands,
 O Lord, into Thy hands

THE PRIEST

Proficiscere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo !
 Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul !
 Go from this world ! Go, in the name of God
 The omnipotent Father, who created thee !
 Go, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
 Son of the living God, who bled for thee !
 Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who
 Hath been poured out on thee ! Go, in the name
 Of Angels and Archangels ; in the name
 Of Thrones and Dominations ; in the name
 Of Princedoms and of Powers ; and in the name
 Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth !
 Go, in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets ;
 And of Apostles and Evangelists,
 Of Martyrs and Confessors ; in the name
 Of holy Monks and Hermits ; in the name
 Of holy Virgins ; and all Saints of God,
 Both men and women, go ! Go on thy course ;
 And may thy place to-day be found in peace,
 And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount
 Of Sion :—in the Name of Christ, our Lord.

§ 2

SOUL OF GERONTIUS

I WENT to sleep ; and now I am refreshed.
 A strange refreshment : for I feel in me
 An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
 Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
 And ne'er had been before. How still it is !
 I hear no more the busy beat of time,
 No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse ;
 Nor does one moment differ from the next.
 I had a dream ; yes :—someone softly said
 “ He ’s gone ” ; and then a sigh went round the room.
 And then I surely heard a priestly voice
 Cry “ Subvenite ” ; and they knelt in prayer.
 I seem to hear him still ; but thin and low,
 And fainter and more faint the accents come,
 As at an ever-widening interval.
 Ah ! whence is this ? What is this severance ?
 This silence pours a solitariness
 Into the very essence of my soul ;
 And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
 Hath something too of sternness and of pain,
 For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
 By a strange introversion, and perforce
 I now begin to feed upon myself,
 Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead ? I am not dead,
 But in the body still ; for I possess
 A sort of confidence which clings to me,
 That each particular organ holds its place
 As heretofore, combining with the rest
 Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
 And makes me man ; and surely I could move,
 Did I but will it, every part of me.
 And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,
 By very trial, that I have the power.
 'Tis strange ; I cannot stir a hand or foot,
 I cannot make my fingers or my lips
 By mutual pressure witness each to each,

Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet . . is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and me ?
Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expanded world ?

Another marvel ; someone has me fast
Within his ample palm ; 'tis not a grasp
Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
And hark ! I hear a singing ; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear or touch or taste the tones.
Oh what a heart-subduing melody !

ANGEL

My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
For evermore.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

My Father gave
 In charge to me
 This child of earth
 E'en from its birth,
 To serve and save,
 Alleluia,
 And saved is he.

This child of clay
 To me was given,
 To rear and train
 By sorrow and pain
 In the narrow way,
 Alleluia,
 From earth to heaven.

SOUL

It is a member of that family
 Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds were made,
 Millions of ages back, have stood around
 The throne of God :—he never has known sin ;
 But through those cycles all but infinite,
 Has had a strong and pure celestial life,
 And bore to gaze on th' unveiled face of God
 And drank from the eternal Fount of truth,
 And served Him with a keen ecstatic love.
 Hark ! he begins again.

ANGEL

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,
 But most in man, how wonderful Thou art !
 With what a love, what soft persuasive might
 Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,
 Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,
 To fill the thrones which angels lost through pride !

He lay a grovelling babe upon the ground,
 Polluted in the blood of his first sire,
 With his whole essence shattered and unsound,
 And, coiled around his heart, a demon dire.
 Which was not of his nature, but had skill
 To bind and form his opening mind to ill.

Then was I sent from heaven to set right
The balance in his soul of truth and sin,
And I have waged a long relentless fight,
Resolved that death-environed spirit to win,
Which from its fallen state, when all was lost,
Had been repurchased at so dread a cost.

Oh what a shifting parti-coloured scene
Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,
Of recklessness and penitence, has been
The history of that dreary, lifelong fray!
And oh the grace to nerve him and to lead,
How patient, prompt, and lavish at his need!

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth!
Majesty dwarfed to baseness! fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth
Cloking corruption! weakness mastering power!
Who never art so near to crime and shame,
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name;—

How should ethereal natures comprehend
A thing made up of spirit and of clay,
Were we not tasked to nurse it and to tend,
Linked one to one throughout its mortal day?
More than the Seraph in his height of place,
The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransomed race.

SOUL

Now know I surely that I am at length
Out of the body: had I part with earth,
I never could have drunk those accents in,
And not have worshipped as a god the voice
That was so musical; but now I am
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possessed,
With such a full content, and with a sense
So apprehensive and discriminant,
As no temptation can intoxicate.
Nor have I even terror at the thought
That I am clasped by such a saintliness.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

ANGEL

All praise to Him, at whose sublime decree
 The last are first, the first become the last ;
 By whom the suppliant prisoner is set free,
 By whom proud first-borns from their thrones are cast ;
 Who raises Mary to be Queen of heaven,
 While Lucifer is left, condemned and unforgiven.

§ 3

SOUL

I WILL address him. Mighty one, my Lord,
 My Guardian Spirit, all hail !

ANGEL

All hail, my child !
 My child and brother, hail ! what wouldst thou ?

SOUL

I would have nothing but to speak with thee
 For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with thee
 Conscious communion ; though I fain would know
 A maze of things, were it but meet to ask,
 And not a curiousness.

ANGEL

You cannot now
 Cherish a wish which ought not to be wished.

SOUL

Then I will speak. I ever had believed
 That on the moment when the struggling soul
 Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell
 Under the awful Presence of its God,
 There to be judged and sent to its own place.
 What lets me now from going to my Lord ?

ANGEL

Thou art not let ; but with extremest speed
Art hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge :
For scarcely art thou disembodied yet.
Divide a moment, as men measure time,
Into its million-million-millionth part,
Yet even less than that the interval
Since thou didst leave the body ; and the priest
Cried " Subvenite," and they fell to prayer ;
Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray.

For spirits and men by different standards mete
The less and greater in the flow of time.
By sun and moon, primeval ordinances—
By stars which rise and set harmoniously—
By the recurring seasons, and the swing,
This way and that, of the suspended rod
Precise and punctual, men divide the hours,
Equal, continuous, for their common use.
Not so with us in the immaterial world ;
But intervals in their succession
Are measured by the living thought alone,
And grow or wane with its intensity.
And time is not a common property ;
But what is long is short, and swift is slow,
And near is distant, as received and grasped
By this mind and by that, and every one
Is standard of his own chronology.
And memory lacks its natural resting-points
Of years, and centuries, and periods.
It is thy very energy of thought
Which keeps thee from thy God.

SOUL

Dear Angel, say,
Why have I now no fear at meeting Him ?
Along my earthly life, the thought of death
And judgment was to me most terrible.
I had it aye before me, and I saw

The Judge severe e'en in the crucifix.
 Now that the hour is come, my fear is fled ;
 And at this balance of my destiny,
 Now close upon me, I can forward look
 With a serenest joy.

ANGEL

It is because
 Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not fear.
 Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
 For thee the bitterness of death is past.
 Also, because already in thy soul
 The judgment is begun. That day of doom,
 One and the same for the collected world—
 That solemn consummation for all flesh,
 Is, in the case of each, anticipate
 Upon his death ; and, as the last great day
 In the particular judgment is rehearsed,
 So now too, ere thou comest to the Throne,
 A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
 Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.
 That calm and joy uprising in thy soul
 Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,
 And heaven begun.

§ 4

SOUL

BUT hark ! upon my sense
 Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make me fear,
 Could I be frightened.

ANGEL

We are now arrived
 Close on the judgment court ; that sullen howl
 Is from the demons who assemble there.

It is the middle region, where of old
 Satan appeared among the sons of God,
 To cast his jibes and scoffs at holy Job.
 So now his legions throng the vestibule,
 Hungry and wild, to claim their property,
 And gather souls for hell. Hist to their cry.

SOUL

How sour and how uncouth a dissonance !

DEMONS

Low-born clods
 Of brute earth,
 They aspire
 To become Gods,
 By a new birth,
 And an extra grace,
 And a score of merits.
 As if aught
 Could stand in place
 Of the high thought,
 And the glance of fire
 Of the great spirits,
 The powers blest,
 The lords by right,
 The primal owners,
 Of the proud dwelling
 And realm of light,—
 Disposessed,
 Aside thrust,
 Chucked down,
 By the sheer might
 Of a despot's will,
 Of a tyrant's frown,
 Who after expelling
 Their hosts, gave,
 Triumphant still,
 And still unjust,

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Each forfeit crown
 To psalm-droners,
 And canting groaners,
 To every slave,
 And pious cheat,
 And crawling knave,
 Who licked the dust
 Under his feet.

ANGEL

It is the restless panting of their being ;
 Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars,
 In a deep hideous purring have their life,
 And an incessant pacing to and fro.

DEMONS

The mind bold
 And independent,
 The purpose free,
 So we are told,
 Must not think
 To have the ascendant.
 What's a saint ?
 One whose breath
 Doth the air taint
 Before his death ;
 A bundle of bones,
 Which fools adore,
 Ha ! ha !
 When life is o'er,
 Which rattle and stink,
 E'en in the flesh.
 We cry his pardon !
 No flesh hath he ;
 Ha ! ha !
 For it hath died,
 'Tis crucified
 Day by day,
 Afresh, afresh,

Ha ! ha !
 That holy clay,
 Ha ! ha !
 This gains guerdon,
 So priestlings prate,
 Ha ! ha !
 Before the Judge,
 And pleads and atones
 For spite and grudge,
 And bigot mood,
 And envy and hate,
 And greed of blood.

SOUL

How impotent they are ! and yet on earth
 They have repute for wondrous power and skill ;
 And books describe, how that the very face
 Of the Evil One, if seen, would have a force
 Even to freeze the blood, and choke the life
 Of him who saw it.

ANGEL

In thy trial-state
 Thou hadst a traitor nestling close at home,
 Connatural, who with the powers of hell
 Was leagued, and of thy senses kept the keys,
 And to that deadliest foe unlocked thy heart.
 And therefore is it, in respect of man,
 Those fallen ones show so majestic.
 But, when some child of grace, angel or saint,
 Pure and upright in his integrity
 Of nature, meets the demons on their raid,
 They scud away as cowards from the fight.
 Nay, oft hath holy hermit in his cell,
 Not yet disburdened of mortality,
 Mocked at their threats and warlike overtures ;
 Or, dying, when they swarmed, like flies, around,
 Defied them, and departed to his Judge.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

DEMONS

Virtue and vice,
 A knave's pretence,
 'Tis all the same ;
 Ha ! ha !
 Dread of hell-fire,
 Of the venomous flame,
 A coward's plea.
 Give him his price,
 Saint though he be,
 Ha ! ha !
 From shrewd good sense
 He'll slave for hire ;
 Ha ! ha !
 And does but aspire
 To the heaven above
 With sordid aim,
 And not from love.
 Ha ! ha !

SOUL

I see not those false spirits ; shall I see
 My dearest Master, when I reach His throne ;
 Or hear, at least, His awful judgment-word
 With personal intonation, as I now
 Hear thee, not see thee, Angel ? Hitherto
 All has been darkness since I left the earth ;
 Shall I remain thus sight bereft all through
 My penance time ? If so, how comes it then
 That I have hearing still, and taste, and touch,
 Yet not a glimmer of that princely sense
 Which binds ideas in one, and makes them live ?

ANGEL

Nor touch, nor taste, nor hearing hast thou now ;
 Thou livest in a world of signs and types,
 The presentations of most holy truths,
 Living and strong, which now encompass thee.

A disembodied soul, thou hast by right
No converse with aught else beside thyself ;
But, lest so stern a solitude should load
And break thy being, in mercy are vouchsafed
Some lower measures of perception,
Which seem to thee, as though through channels brought,
Through ear, or nerves, or palate, which are gone.
And thou art wrapped and swathed around in dreams,
Dreams that are true, yet enigmatical ;
For the belongings of thy present state,
Save through such symbols, come not home to thee.
And thus thou tell'st of space, and time, and size,
Of fragrant, solid, bitter, musical,
Of fire, and of refreshment after fire ;
As (let me use similitude of earth,
To aid thee in the knowledge thou dost ask)—
As ice which blisters may be said to burn.
Nor hast thou now extension, with its parts
Correlative,—long habit cozens thee,—
Nor power to move thyself, nor limbs to move.
Hast thou not heard of those, who, after loss
Of hand or foot, still cried that they had pains
In hand or foot, as though they had it still ?
So is it now with thee, who hast not lost
Thy hand or foot, but all which made up man ;
So will it be, until the joyous day
Of resurrection, when thou wilt regain
All thou hast lost, new-made and glorified.
How, even now, the consummated Saints
See God in heaven, I may not explicate.
Meanwhile let it suffice thee to possess
Such means of converse as are granted thee,
Though, till that Beatific Vision thou art blind ;
For e'en thy purgatory, which comes like fire,
Is fire without its light.

SOUL

His will be done !

I am not worthy e'er to see again
The face of day ; far less His countenance

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Who is the very sun. Nathless, in life,
 When I looked forward to my purgatory,
 It ever was my solace to believe
 That, ere I plunged amid th' avenging flame,
 I had one sight of Him to strengthen me.

ANGEL

Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment ;
 Yes,—for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord.
 Thus will it be : what time thou art arraigned
 Before the dread tribunal, and thy lot
 Is cast for ever, should it be to sit
 On His right hand among His pure elect,
 Then sight, or that which to the soul is sight,
 As by a lightning-flash, will come to thee,
 And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound,
 Whom thy soul loveth, and would fain approach,—
 One moment ; but thou knowest not, my child,
 What thou dost ask : that sight of the Most Fair
 Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

SOUL

Thou speakest darkly, Angel ! and an awe
 Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

ANGEL

There was a mortal, who is now above
 In the mid glory : he, when near to die,
 Was given communion with the Crucified,—
 Such, that the Master's very wounds were stamped
 Upon his flesh ; and, from the agony
 Which thrilled through body and soul in that embrace
 Learn that the flame of the Everlasting Love
 Doth burn ere it transform.

§ 5

HARK to those sounds !
They come of tender beings angelical,
Least and most childlike of the sons of God.

FIRST CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

To us His elder race He gave
To battle and to win,
Without the chastisement of pain,
Without the soil of sin.

The younger son He willed to be
A marvel in his birth :
Spirit and flesh his parents were ;
His home was heaven and earth.

The Eternal blessed His child, and armed,
And sent him hence afar,
To serve as champion in the field
Of elemental war.

To be His Viceroy in the world
Of matter, and of sense ;
Upon the frontier, towards the foe,
A resolute defence.

ANGEL

We now have passed the gate, and are within
The House of Judgment ; and whereas on earth
Temples and palaces are formed of parts
Costly and rare, but all material,
So in the world of spirits nought is found,
To mould withal and form into a whole,
But what is immaterial ; and thus
The smallest portions of this edifice,
Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

The very pavement is made up of life—
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.

SECOND CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

Woe to thee, man ! for he was found
A recreant in the fight ;
And lost his heritage of heaven,
And fellowship with light.

Above him now the angry sky,
Around the tempest's din ;
Who once had angels for his friends,
Had but the brutes for kin.

O man ! a savage kindred they ;
To flee that monster brood
He scaled the seaside cave, and clomb
The giants of the wood.

With now a fear, and now a hope,
With aids which chance supplied,
From youth to eld, from sire to son,
He lived, and toiled, and died.

He dreed his penance age by age ;
And step by step began
Slowly to doff his savage garb,
And be again a man.

And quickened by the Almighty's breath,
And chastened by His rod,
And taught by Angel-visittings,
At length he sought his God :

And learned to call upon His name,
And in His faith create
A household and a fatherland,
A city and a state.

Glory to Him who from the mire,
In patient length of days,
Elaborated into life
A people to His praise !

SOUL

The sound is like the rushing of the wind—
The summer wind among the lofty pines ;
Swelling and dying, echoing round about,
Now here, now distant, wild and beautiful ;
While, scattered from the branches it has stirred,
Descend ecstatic odours.

THIRD CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

The Angels, as beseemingly
To spirit-kind was given,
At once were tried and perfected,
And took their seats in heaven.

For them no twilight or eclipse ;
No growth and no decay :
'Twas hopeless, all-ingulfing night,
Or beatific day.

But to the younger race there rose
A hope upon its fall ;
And slowly, surely, gracefully,
The morning dawned on all.

And ages, opening out, divide
The precious and the base,
And from the hard and sullen mass,
Mature the heirs of grace.

O man ! albeit the quickening ray,
Lit from his second birth,
Makes him at length what once he was,
And heaven grows out of earth ;

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

Yet still between that earth and heaven—
 His journey and his goal—
 A double agony awaits
 His body and his soul.

A double debt he has to pay—
 The forfeit of his sins,
 The chill of death is past, and now
 The penance-fire begins.

Glory to Him, who evermore
 By truth and justice reigns ;
 Who tears the soul from out its case,
 And burns away its stains !

ANGEL

They sing of thy approaching agony,
 Which thou so eagerly didst question of :
 It is the face of the Incarnate God
 Shall smite thee with that keen and subtle pain ;
 And yet the memory which it leaves will be
 A sovereign febrifuge to heal the wound ;
 And yet withal it will the wound provoke,
 And aggravate and widen it the more.

SOUL

Thou speakest mysteries ; still methinks I know
 To disengage the tangle of thy words :
 Yet rather would I hear thy angel voice,
 Than for myself be thy interpreter.

ANGEL

When then—if such thy lot—thou seest thy Judge,
 The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart,
 All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.
 Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for Him,
 And feel as though thou couldst but pity Him,
 That one so sweet should e'er have placed Himself
 At disadvantage such, as to be used
 So vilely by a being so vile as thee.

There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
 Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble thee.
 And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself ; for, though
 Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,
 As never thou didst feel ; and wilt desire
 To slink away, and hide thee from His sight
 And yet wilt have a longing eye to dwell
 Within the beauty of His countenance.
 And these two pains, so counter and so keen,—
 The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not ;
 The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,—
 Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

SOUL

My soul is in my hand : I have no fear,—
 In His dear might prepared for weal or woe.
 But hark ! a grand mysterious harmony :
 It floods me, like the deep and solemn sound
 Of many waters.

ANGEL

We have gained the stairs
 Which rise towards the Presence-chamber ; there
 A band of mighty Angels keep the way
 On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God.

ANGELS OF THE SACRED STAIR

Father, whose goodness none can know, but they
 Who see Thee face to face,
 By man hath come the infinite display
 Of Thy victorious grace ;
 But fallen man—the creature of a day—
 Skills not that love to trace.
 It needs, to tell the triumph Thou hast wrought,
 An Angel's deathless fire, an Angel's reach of thought.
 It needs that very Angel, who with awe,
 Amid the garden shade,
 The great Creator in His sickness saw,
 Soothed by a creature's aid,

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

And agonised, as victim of the Law
 Which He Himself had made ;
 For who can praise Him in His depth and height,
 But he who saw Him reel amid that solitary fight ?

SOUL

Hark ! for the lintels of the presence-gate
 Are vibrating and echoing back the strain.

FOURTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
 And in the depth be praise :
 In all His words most wonderful ;
 Most sure in all His ways !

The foe blasphemed the Holy Lord,
 As if He reckoned ill,
 In that He placed His puppet man
 The frontier place to fill.

For even in his best estate,
 With amplest gifts endued,
 A sorry sentinel was he,
 A being of flesh and blood.

As though a thing, who for his help
 Must needs possess a wife,
 Could cope with those proud rebel hosts,
 Who had angelic life.

And when, by blandishment of Eve,
 That earth-born Adam fell,
 He shrieked in triumph, and he cried,
 " A sorry sentinel ;

" The Maker by His word is bound,
 Escape or cure is none ;
 He must abandon to his doom,
 And slay His darling son."

ANGEL

And now the threshold, as we traverse it,
 Utters aloud its glad responsive chant.

FIFTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS

Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful ;
Most sure in all His ways !

O loving wisdom of our God !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love ! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all divine.

O generous love ! that He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo ;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.

§ 6

ANGEL

THY judgment now is near, for we are come
Into the veiled presence of our God.

SOUL

I hear the voices that I left on earth.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

ANGEL

It is the voice of friends around thy bed,
 Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.
 Hither the echoes come; before the Throne
 Stands the great Angel of the Agony,
 The same who strengthened Him, what time He knelt
 Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood.
 That Angel best can plead with Him for all
 Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

ANGEL OF THE AGONY

Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee;
 Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee;
 Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in Thee;
 Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled Thee;
 Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;
 Jesu! by that innocence which girdled Thee;
 Jesu! by that sanctity which reigned in Thee;
 Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with Thee;
 Jesu! spare these souls which are so dear to Thee,
 Who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee;
 Hasten, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee,
 To that glorious Home, where they shall ever gaze on Thee.

SOUL

I go before my Judge. Ah!

ANGEL

. . . . Praise to His Name!

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
 And, with the intemperate energy of love,
 Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
 But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
 Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
 And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
 And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now it lies
 Passive and still before the awful Throne.
 O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
 Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

SOUL

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
 There let me be,
 And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
 Told out for me.
 There, motionless and happy in my pain,
 Lone, not forlorn,—
 There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
 Until the morn.
 There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
 Which ne'er can cease
 To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
 Of its Sole Peace.
 There will I sing my absent Lord and Love :—
 Take me away,
 That sooner I may rise, and go above,
 And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

§ 7

ANGEL

Now let the golden prison ope its gates,
 Making sweet music, as each fold revolves
 Upon its ready hinge. And ye great powers,
 Angels of Purgatory, receive from me
 My charge, a precious soul, until the day,
 When, from all bond and forfeiture released,
 I shall reclaim it for the courts of light.

SOULS IN PURGATORY

1. Lord, Thou hast been our refuge : in every generation ;
2. Before the hills were born, and the world was : from age to age Thou art God.
3. Bring 'us not, Lord, very low : for Thou hast said, Come back again, ye sons of Adam.
4. A thousand years before Thine eyes are but as yesterday : and as a watch of the night which is come and gone.

5. The grass springs up in the morning : at evening-tide it shrivels up and dies.
 6. So we fail in Thine anger : and in Thy wrath we are troubled.
 7. Thou hast set our sins in Thy sight : and our round of days in the light of Thy countenance.
 8. Come back, O Lord ! how long : and be entreated for Thy servants.
 9. In Thy morning we shall be filled with Thy mercy : we shall rejoice and be in pleasure all our days.
 10. We shall be glad according to the days of our humiliation : and the years in which we have seen evil.
 11. Look, O Lord, upon Thy servants and on Thy work : and direct their children.
 12. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us : and the work of our hands, establish Thou it.
- Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

ANGEL

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest ;
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever ! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow ;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

Jan 17. 1865

The Dream of Gerontius.

Gerontius. Jesu Maria! I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me; I know it now.
Not by the token of this faltering breath,
This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,
- Jesu have mercy! Mary pray for me! -
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
- Be with me, Lord, in my extremity! -
That I am going, that I am no more.
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,
- Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee, -
This emptying out of ^{each constituent} ~~every element~~
And natural force, by which I come to be.
+ Pray for me, O my friends, a visitant
So knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before.
'Tis death, - O loving friends, your prayers, - tis he!

As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance now,
And could fall back on ^{nothing} ~~nothingness~~ to be my stay,
- Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole Refuge, Thou, -
And turn no whither, but must needs decay
And drop from out this universal frame
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness, of which I came,
This is it that has come to pass in me,
O horror! this it is, my dearest, this,
So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray

Spontants. Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison, Kyrie eleison.
Holy Mary, pray for him.

All holy angels, pray for him
Choirs of the righteous, pray for him
Holy Abraham, pray for him
St John, St Joseph, pray for him,
St Peter, St Paul, St Andrew, St John,
All apostles, all evangelists, pray for him.
All holy Disciples of the Lord, pray for him.
All holy Innocents, pray for him.
All holy Martyrs, all holy Confessors,
All holy Hermits, all holy Virgins,
All ye saints of God, pray for him.

Gerontius.

Rouse thee, my fainting soul, and play the man;
And, through such waning span,
Of life and thought as still has to be trod,
Prepare to meet thy God.
And, while the storm of that bewilderment
Is for a season spent,
And, ere a fresh the ruin on thee fall,
Use well the interval.

Assistants.

Be merciful, be gracious, spare him, Lord.
Be merciful, be gracious, ~~Lord~~ deliver him.
From the sins that are past;
From Thy frown and Thine ire;
From the perils of dying,
From any complying
With sin, or denying
His God, or relying
On self, at the last;
From the hottest fire;
From all that is evil;
From power of the devil;
Thy servant deliver,
For ever and for ever.

¶ By Thy birth, and by Thy Cross,
 Rescue him from endless loss;
 By Thy death and burial,
 Save him from a final fall.
 By Thy rising from the tomb,
 By Thy mounting up above,
 By the Spirit's gracious love,
 Save him in the day of doom

Gerontius. Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
 Eleison, Iudex meus,
 Parce mihi, Domine.
 Firmly I believe and truly
 God is Three, and God is One;
 And I next acknowledge duly
 Manhood taken by the Son.
 And I trust and hope most fully
 In that manhood crucified;
 And each thought & deed unruly
 Do to death, as He has died.
 Simply to His grace and wholly
 Light and life and strength belong,
 And I love supremely, solely,
 Him the Holy, Him the Strong.
 Sanctus fortis, Sanctus Deus,
 De profundis oro te,
 Misereere, O Iudex meus,
 Parce mihi, Domine.
 And I hail ^{hail} with veneration,
 For the love of Him alone,
 Holy Church, as His creation,
 And her teachings, as His own.
 And I take with joy whatever
 Now besets me, pain or fear,

And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here.
Adoration awe be given,
With and through the angelic host,
To the God of earth and heaven,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Sanctus factus, Sanctus Deus,
De profundis ora te,
Misereere, Iudex meus,
Parce mihi, Domine.

I can no more; for now it comes again
That sense of ruin, dark & worse than pain.
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down for ever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss. And, crueler still,
A fierce ^{and restless} static fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul, & so And, worse and worse,
Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome creak
Tainting the halloned air, ^{laughs, and} and flaps
Its hideous wings,
And makes me writhe with horror and dismay.
O Jesus, help! pray for me, Mary, pray!
Some angel, Jesus! such as came to Thee,
In Thine own agony.

Apostles.
Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me. Mary, pray for me.
Rescue him, O Lord, in this his evil hour,
As of old so many by Thy gracious power; —

Enock and Elias from the common doom;
 Noe from the waters in a saving home;
 Abraham from the' abounding guilt of heathenness;
 Job from all his multiform and fell distress;
 Isaac, when his father's knife was raised to slay;
 Lot from burning Sodom on its judgment day;
 Moses from the land of bondage and despair;
 Daniel from the hungry lions in their lair;
 And the children Three amid the furnace-flame;
 chaste Susanna from the slander and the shame;
 David from Golia, and the wrath of Saul;
 And the two Apostles from their prison-thrall;
 Thelca from her torments; so, to show Thy power,
 Rescue this thy servant in his evil hour.

Gerontius

Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep.
 The pain has wearied me ... Into Thy hands,
 O Lord, into Thy hands ...

The Priest.

Propiciscere, anima Christiana de hoc mundo!
 Go forth upon thy journey, Christian soul,
 Go from this world! go, in the Name of God,
 The Omnipotent Father, who created thee!
 Go, in the Name of Jesus Christ, our Lord,
 Son of the living God, who bled for thee!
 Go, in the Name of the Holy Spirit, who
 hath been poured out on thee! Go, in the name
 Of Angels and Archangels; in the name
 Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name
 Of Principalities and of Powers; and in the name
 Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth.
 Go in the name of Patriarchs and Prophets;
 And of Apostles and Evangelists;
 Of Martyrs and Confessors; in the name
 Of Holy Monks and Hermits; in the name

Of Holy Virgins; and all Saints of God
 Both men and women, go! Go on thy course,
 And may thy place to day be found in peace,
 And may thy dwelling be the Holy Mount
 Of Zion; — through the same, through Christ, our Lord.

(a pause)

Continues. I went to sleep; and now I am refreshed,

A strange refreshment; | O how still it is!

for I feel in me I hear no more the busy beat of time,

an unexpressed lightness, or a sense of freedom, as I was at length myself, ^{nor} No more my fluttering breath, ^{nor} or struggling pulse.
 And never had been before. Nor does one moment differ from the next.

I had a dream; yes: — some one softly said
 "He's dead;" and then a sigh went round the room.

And then I surely heard a Priestly voice
 Cry "Subvenite;" and they knelt in prayer.

I seem to hear him still; but then and now,
 And fainter and more faint, the accents come,
 As at an ever-widening interval.

Ah! What ^{is} this? What is this ^{new} ^{severance}?

This silence pours a solitariness
 Into the very ^{inner} ^{space} of my soul;

And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
 Hath something too of stowness and of pain.

For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring

By a strange intro-version, and perforce

I now begin to feed upon myself,

Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,

But in the body still; for I possess

A sort of confidence, which clings to me,

That each particular organ holds its place

As heretofore, combining with the rest

Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,

and makes me man; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.

And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,
By any trial, that I have the power,
'Tis strange: I cannot stir a hand or foot,

I cannot make my fingers or my lips
My mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelids' instantaneous stroke
Upon myself I have a body still.

Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.

Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we are now an million miles apart.

Yet is this presumptuous surmise
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?

Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expanded world?

Another marvel: some one has in fact
Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp
Such as they use on earth, but all around
O'er the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth

I cannot of that music ^{rightly} duly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
O what a heart-subduing melody!

Angel.

My work is done
My task is o'er
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is ~~down~~^{won}.
Alleluia,
For evermore.

My Father gave
In charge to me.
This child of earth
E'en from its birth,
To set on and save,
Alleluia,
And saved is he.

This child of clay
To me was given,
To rear and train
By sorrow and pain
In the narrow way,
Alleluia,
From earth to heaven

Soul.

It is a member of that family
Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds were made,
Millions of ages back, have stood around
The throne of God: - he never has known sin;
But, through the ^{old} cycles all but infinite,
Has led a strong and pure celestial life,
And come to gaze on th' unveiled face of God,

And drank from the eternal Fount of truth,
And saved him with a keen ecstatic love
Hark! he begins again.

Angel. O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,
But most in man, how wonderful Thou art!
With what a love, what soft persuasive might,
Victorious o'er the stubborn, wilful heart,
Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,
To fill the thrones which Angels lost through pride!

He lay a grovelling babe upon the ground,
Polluted in the blood of his first sin,
With his whole essence shattered and unsound,
And, coiled around his heart, a demon din,
Which was not of his nature, but had skill
To bind and form his opening mind to ill.

Then was I sent from heaven to set right
The balance in his soul of truth and sin,
And I have waged a long relentless fight,
Resolved that death - ^{inward} ~~concupiscent~~ spirit to win,
Which, from its fallen state, when all was lost,
Had been re-purchased at so dread a cost.

O, what a shifting party-coloured scene
Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,
Of ricketyrump and penitence, has been
The history of that dreary, life-long fray!
But O the grace, to ^{save} ~~save~~ him and to lead,
How patient, prompt, and lavish in his need!

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth!
Haplessly dwarfed to baseness! fragrant flowers
Running to poisonous seed! and veering with
Cloaking corruption! weakly mastering power!
Like never art so near to crime and shame,
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name;

The progeny of
Beings

There

their

How should ethereal natures comprehend
A ^{life} ~~being~~ made up of spirit and of clay,
Were we not tasked to nurse ^{it} ~~him~~ and to tend,
Linked ^{one} ~~each~~ to ^{one} ~~each~~ through ^{its} ~~his~~ mortal day?
More than the seraph in his height of place,
The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransomed race.

Soul. Now know I ~~shall~~ surely that I am at length
Out of the body; had I part with ~~sin~~ earth,
I never could have drunk those measures in,
And not have worshipped as a god the ^{voice} ~~being~~
That was so musical; but now I am
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possessed,
With such a full content, and with a sense
So apprehensive and discriminant,
As no temptation can intoxicate.
Nay, have I even terror at the thought
That I am clasped by such a saintly life.

Angel All praise to thee, at whose sublime decree
The last an first, the first become the last;
By whom the suppliant ^{prisoner} ~~captivity~~ is set free,
By whom ^{pride} ~~bright~~ first-borns from their thrones are cast;
Who raises Mary to be Queen of heaven,
While Lucifer ^{is left} ~~is left~~, condemned and unforgiven.

Soul. I will address him. Mighty One, my Lord,
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

Angel.

all hail! my child,
thy child & brother, hail! what wouldst thou?

Soul. I would have nothing but to speak with thee
For speaking's sake. I wish to hold with thee
Conscious communion; though I fain would know
A maze of things, were it but right to ask
And not a curiosity.

Angel.

you cannot now
cherish a wish which ought not to be wished.

Soul. Then I will speak. I ever had believed
That on the moment when the struggling soul
Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell
Under the awful Presence of its God,
Then to judge and sent to its own place.
What lets me now from going to my Lord?

Angel. Thou art not let; but with extremest speed
art hurrying to the just and holy Judge;
For scarcely art thou disembodied yet.
Divide a moment, as men measure time,
Into its million - million - millionth part,
And even ^{yet} before that the interval,
Since thou didst leave the body, and the Priest
cried "Subvenite," and they fell to prayer.
Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray.

For spirits and men by different standards mete
The life and greater in the flow of time.
By sun and moon, primal ordinances,
By stars which rise and set harmoniously,
By the recurring seasons, and the day,
This way and that, of the suspended rod

Precise and punctual, men divide the hours,
Equal, continuous, for their common use.
Not so with us in the immaterial world;
But intervals in their succession
Are measured by the living thought alone,
And grow or wane with its intensity.
And time is not a common property,
But what is long is short, and swift is slow,
And near is distant, as received and ^{grasped} seen
By this mind and by that, and every one
Is standard of his own chronology.
And memory lacks its natural resting-points,
~~Now and then epochs, and a calendar talk~~
Of ^{eras} ~~years~~, ^{centuries}, and ^{periods}.
It is the very energy of thought
Which keeps thee from thy God.

Soul

Dear angel, say,

Why have I now no fear at meeting him?
Along my earthly life, the thought of death
And judgment was to me most terrible,
I had it eye before me, and I saw
The judge seven eels in the crucifix.
Now that the hour is come, my fear is gone;
And at that balance of my destiny,
Now close upon me, I can forward look
With a sereneest joy.

Angel.

It is because

Then thou didst fear, that now thou dost not fear.
Thou hast forestalled the agony, and so
For thee the bitterness of death is passed.
Also, because already in thy soul
The judgment is begun. That day of doom,
One and the same for the collected world,

That solemn consummation for all flesh,
 Is, in the case of each, anticipated
 Upon his death; and, as the last great day
 In its particular judgment is rehearsed,
 So now too, ere thou comest to the Throne,
 A presage falls upon thee, as a ray
 Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.
 That calm and joy, uprising in thy soul,
 Is first-fruit to thee of thy recompense,
 And heaven begun.

Soul.

But hark! upon mine ^{ear} ~~ear~~
 Comes a fierce hubbub, which would make me fear,
 Could I be frightened.

Angel

We are now arrived
 Close on the judgment counter; and that sullen horde
^{Is} ~~comes~~ from the demons who open'd them.
 It is the middle region, where of old
 Satan appeared among the sons of God,
 To cast his jibes and scoffs at holy Job.
 To now his legions through the vestibule,
 Hungry and wild, to claim their property,
 And gather souls for hell. List to their cry.

Soul How sour, and how uncouth a dissonance!

Demons. Low-born clods
 Of brute earth,
 They aspire
 To become gods,
 By a new birth,
 And an extra grace,
 And a score of merits,
 As if ought
 Could stand in place
 Of the glances of fire.

1 Low-born clods 2 Of brute earth, 3 They aspire
 4 To become gods 5 By a new birth, 6 And an extra grace,
 7 And a score of merits, 8 As if ought 9 Could stand in place
 10 Of the glances of fire 11 The poem bleat, 12 The look by right, 13 The painful aim,
 14 Of the proud, 15 And making of light
 16 Disappointed, 17 And aside thrust
 18 And thrust, 19 clutched down,
 20 By the sheer might of a hypothesis
 21 Of a hypothesis
 22 Of a hypothesis
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And the high thought,
Of the great spirits,
The powers that,
The lords by right,
The primal owners
Of the proud dwelling
And realm of light,
Dispossessed,
Beside thrust,
Chucked down,
By sheer might
Of a ^{despot's} ~~tyrannic~~ will,
Who, after expelling
Their armies, gave,
Triumphant still,
And still unjust,
Each forfeit crown
To psalm-droners,
And canting groaners,
To every slave
And pious cheat,
And crawling knave,
Who ^{has} licked the dust
Under his feet.

Angel. It is the restless panting of their being,
Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars,
In a deep hideous purring lose their life,
And an incessant pacing to and fro

Demons. The mind bold
And independent,
The purpose free,
So on we hold,
Must not think
To have the ascendant.

What's a saint?

One whose heart

~~That~~ the air tacit
Doth
Before his death.

A bundle of bones,
Which foots alone,
When life is o'er;
Which rattle and stick

live in the flesh, -
~~We may~~ ^{his} ~~kindly~~ ^{own} pardon,
 if flesh ^{is} ~~has~~ he!
 'Tis ^{as} ~~is~~ it has died,
 'Tis ~~unforgotten~~ ^{unforgotten},

Ha, ha, 'tis I conceived,

Day by day.

afresh; afresh }
Ho, ho, that holy clay;
And such fudge.

as priestlings ^{prate} say.

Is his quorden.

Before the judges,

but plants and atoms.

For spite and grudge,

and bigot mood,

Theological prot.

and Envy and Hate,

and greed of blood.

Soul. How impotent they are! and yet on earth
They have repute for wondrous power and skill;
And books describe, how that the very face
Of th^e first One, if seen, would have a force
To freeze the very blood, and choke the life
Of him who saw it.

angel.

In any local state

Thou hadst a traitor nestling close at home,

¹ The mind bold ² And independent,

3% peroxide for,

4.0 is one half

8. *Chrys. v. 154*

! One stone breast I took the air breast

60 Before his death; i. 11 a bundle of bones

12. Black party & date. 13 Hrs, La
14. When late in in

These rather thick, 1/4 in in the thick. 1762 on his parrot.

1. First and last; 2. For the last time, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212nd, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311st, 312nd, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411st, 412nd, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511st, 512nd, 513th, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th, 527th, 528th, 529th, 530th, 531st, 532nd, 533rd, 534th, 535th, 536th, 537th, 538th, 539th, 540th, 541st, 542nd, 543rd, 544th, 545th, 546th, 547th, 548th, 549th, 550th, 551st, 552nd, 553rd, 554th, 555th, 556th, 557th, 558th, 559th, 560th, 561st, 562nd, 563rd, 564th, 565th, 566th, 567th, 568th, 569th, 570th, 571st, 572nd, 573rd, 574th, 575th, 576th, 577th, 578th, 579th, 580th, 581st, 582nd, 583rd, 584th, 585th, 586th, 587th, 588th, 589th, 590th, 591st, 592nd, 593rd, 594th, 595th, 596th, 597th, 598th, 599th, 600th, 601st, 602nd, 603rd, 604th, 605th, 606th, 607th, 608th, 609th, 610th, 611st, 612nd, 613th, 614th, 615th, 616th, 617th, 618th, 619th, 620th, 621st, 622nd, 623rd, 624th, 625th, 626th, 627th, 628th, 629th, 630th, 631st, 632nd, 633rd, 634th, 635th, 636th, 637th, 638th, 639th, 640th, 641st, 642nd, 643rd, 644th, 645th, 646th, 647th, 648th, 649th, 650th, 651st, 652nd, 653rd, 654th, 655th, 656th, 657th, 658th, 659th, 660th, 661st, 662nd, 663rd, 664th, 665th, 666th, 667th, 668th, 669th, 670th, 671st, 672nd, 673rd, 674th, 675th, 676th, 677th, 678th, 679th, 680th, 681st, 682nd, 683rd, 684th, 685th, 686th, 687th, 688th, 689th, 690th, 691st, 692nd, 693rd, 694th, 695th, 696th, 697th, 698th, 699th, 700th, 701st, 702nd, 703rd, 704th, 705th, 706th, 707th, 708th, 709th, 710th, 711st, 712nd, 713th,

13	April, 1896	100 Emerald
14	" "	" "

26 1/2

28 do Smith's, prob, 29 1/2 his, garden

21 and plenty of stones
22 and light mood
23 and very
24 and very

near every *Asclepias*, I had found of *Colletes*

Connatural, who with the powers of hell
 Was leagu'd, and of thy senses kept the keys,
 And to that deadliest foe unlocked thy heart.
 And therefore is it, in respect of man,
 These fallen ones show so majestic.
 But, when some child of grace, angel or saint,
 Pure and upright in his integrity
 Of nature, meets the demons ^{on this road} ~~in his path~~
 They scud away as cowards from the fight.
^{may, oft hath} ~~often~~ the holy hermit in his cell,
 Not yet disburdened of mortality,
 Mocked at their threats and warlike ostentations;
 Or, dying, when they swarmed, like flies, around,
 Defied them, and departed to his Judge.

Demons.

Virtue and vice,
 A known
~~old~~ pretence,
 'Tis
 Ever one and the same;

Ha, ha, ^{Give him his price,}
 Saint tho' he be,
 From shrewd good sense,
 He works for him,
 Whatever his plea ~~had not from him,~~
 And does but aspire
 To the heavens above,
 With selfish aim,

And not for love ~~what can his plea.~~

Soul. I see not those false spirits; shall I see
 My dearest Master, when I reach his throne?
 Or hear, at least, his awful judgment-word
 With personal intimation? as I now
 Hear thee, not see thee, Angel! hitherto
 All has been dark and silent since I left the earth;
 Shall I remain thus sight-bereft all through

1 Virtue and vice • 2 A known pretence
 3 'Tis all the same • 4 He be • 5 Saint, tho' he be,
 6 From shrewd good sense, 7 he works for him,
 8 Give him his price, 9 Saint tho' he be, 10 Ha, ha,
 11 From shrewd good sense, 12 Well: clear feeling,
 13 He be, ha, 14 And does but aspire
 15 To the heavens above 16 'Tis selfish aim,
 17 And not for love, 18 What can his plea.

How even now the consummated saints
See God in heaven, I may not tell to thee.
Meanwhile let it suffice thee to possess

Such means of converse as are granted thee;
Thou'lt see the Beatific Vision thou art blind;
For in thy purgatory, which comes like fire,
Is fire without its light.

Soul

His will be done!

I am not worthy yet to see again
The face of day; for life was countenance
Was in the very sun. Nevertheless, in life,
When I looked forward to my purgatory,
It ever was my solace to believe,
That, even I plunged into the averging flame,
I had one ^{look} sight of Him to strengthen me.

Angel. Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment;
Yes, — for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord.
Thus will it be, — what time thou art arrayed
Before the dread tribunal, and thy lot
Is cast for ever, should it be to sit
On His right hand among His pure elect,
Then sight, or that which to the soul is sight,
As by a lightning flash, will come to thee,
And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound,
Whom thy soul loveth, and would fain approach.
One moment; — but thou knowest not, my child,
What thou dost ask; that sight of the illust Fair,
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

Soul. Thou speakest darkly, Angel, and an awe
Falls on me, and a fear lest I be rash.

Angel. Thou wast a mortal, who is now above
In the mid glory; he, when near to die,
Was ^{given} ~~granted~~ communion with the Crucified,

Such, that the Master's very wounds were stamped
 Upon his flesh, and, ^{from} in the agony
 Which rolled through body and soul in that embrace,
 Learn that the flame of the love-estling Love
 Doth burn, ere it transform. } Hark to those sounds!
 They come of tender beings angelical,
~~From~~ ^{Sweet} and most childlike of the sons of God.

With
 Choir of Angelicals.

Praise to the Holiest in the height, and in the depth to praise
 And in the depth to praise,
 In all His words most wonderful,
 Most sure in all His ways.

To us, His elder race, He gave
 To battle and to win,
 Without the chastisement of pain,
 Without the soil of sin.

The ~~youngest~~ ^{He willed to be} son, ~~at his birth,~~
^{He moved} ~~spring from a~~ in his birth,
 Spirit and flesh his parents won,
 His home was heaven and earth.

The Eternal blessed His child, and armed,
 And sent him hence afar,
 To serve as champion in the field
 Of elemental war.

To be His viceroy in the world
 Of matter, ~~off~~ ^{of} sense;
 Upon the frontier, towards the foe,
 A resolute defence.

Angel. We have ² now passed the gate, and are within
The House of Judgment; and, whereas on earth
Temples and Palaces are formed of parts,
Costly and rare, but all material,
So in the world of spirits nought is found,
To mould with ~~light~~ ^{light} and form into a whole,
Not what is immaterial; and all
The smallest portions of this edifice,
Cornice, or ^{pièce} beam, or balustrade, or stair;
The very pavement, is made up of ^{life} spirits
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.

second
2nd Host of Angels etc.

Praise to the Most in the height, and in the depth he praiseth;
In all his works most wonderful, most seen in all his ways.
Woe to thee, man! for he was found, A recreant in the fight;
A recreant in the fight;
And lost his ^{heritage of} ~~inheritance~~ with heaven
and fellowship with light.

Above him ^{now} ~~then~~ the angry sky,
Around the tempest's din;
Who once had angels for his friends,
Had but the brutes for kin.

O man! a savage kindred they;
To flee that monster brood,
He scaled the sea-side cave, and climb'd
The giants of the wood.

With now a fear, and now a hope,
With aids which chaos supplied,
From youth to ^{old} ~~age~~, from sire to son,
He lived, and ^{toiled} ~~grovell'd~~, and died.

He dress'd his penance age by age,
And step by step began,
Slowly to doff his savage ^{garb} ~~mantle~~,
And to again a man.

And quickened by the Almighty's breath,
 And chastened by His rod,
 And taught by angel visitings,
 At length ~~to~~ ^{single} he knew his God.

Glorious to Him, Who from the morn
 (2) In patient length of days
 Elaborated into life
 A people to His praise.

And bidden to
~~Then~~ ~~that~~ he call upon His Name
 (1) And in His faith create
 A household, and a fatherland,
 A city, and a State.

Soul. The sound is like the rushing of the wind,
 The summer wind, among the lofty pines,
 'Tolling, and dying, to echoing round about,
 Now ^{above} ~~high~~ ^{here} now distant, wild and beautiful,
 While, scattered from the branches it has stirred,
 Descend ecstatic odours.

Think ~~second~~ Choir of Angelicals. Praise to the Holiest in the height and in the depth to praise;
 And in the depths to praise,
 In all His words most wonderful,
 Most sure in all His ways.

The angels, as beamingly
 To glorified - kind was given,
 At once were tried & perfected,
 And took their seat in heaven.

For them no twilight or eclipse,
 No growth and no decay;
 'Twas hopeless, all-angulphing night,
 Or beatific day.

But to the younger race then rose
A hope upon his fall;
And slowly, surely & gracefully,
The morning dawned on all.

And ages, opening-out, divide
The precious and the base,
And so from out the ^{hard and} sullen mass
Mature the heirs of grace.

O man! albeit the quickening ray,
Lit from his second birth,
Makes him at length what once he was,
And heaven grows out of earth,

Yet still between that earth and heaven,
His ^{journey} ~~passage~~ and his goal,
A death agony awaits
His body and his soul.

A death debt he has to pay,
The payment of his sins,
The chill of death is past, and now
The penance fire begins

Glow to him, the common
By ^{his} tooth and justice reaps,
Who tears the soul from out its ^{home} case
And burns away its stains.

Angel. They sing of thy approaching agony,
Which thou didst ² question of so eagerly.

Not the face of the incarnate God,
Shall smite thee with ^{that} keen and subtle pain,
~~Thence~~ ^{and not} the memory, which it leaves, will be
A sovereign febrifuge to heal the wound,
And yet - vital it will the wound provoke,
And aggravate and widen it the more.

Soul. Thou speakest mysterio; ^{still} yet, methinks, I know
To disengage the tangle of thy words;
Yet rather would I hear thy angel voice,
Than for myself be thy interpreter.

Angel. When thou, if such thy lot, thou seest thy Judge,
The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart
All tender, gracious, evangelical thoughts.
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for Him,
^{and} as full as though thou couldst but pity Him,
That one so sweet should ever have placed himself
At disadvantage such, as to be used
So vilely by a being so vile as thou.
There is a pleading in his ^{pleading} gentle eyes,
Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble thee.
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself; ^{and} though
Now dumb, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,
As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire
To shrink away, and hide thee from His sight.
And yet wilt have a longing eye to dwell
Within the beauty of His countenance.
And then two pains, so counter and so keen, -
The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not,
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him, -
Will be thy vilest, sharpest purgatory.

Soul. My soul is in my hand; I have no fear.
^{In this deep night} I hear a deeper, mysterious harmony;
^{but hark,} It ^{deep and} ~~reaches~~ ^{like the solemn sound}
Of many waters.

Angel. We have gained the stairs
Which rise towards the Presence-chamber; then
A band of mighty Angels keep the way,
On either side, and hymn the Inaccessible God.

angels of the
Sacred Stair.
By man hath come
Father, whose goodness none can know, but they
Who see Thee face to face,
~~The man~~ ^{Thou great} ~~is found~~ ^{belong} the infinite display
of Thy all-loving grace,
But fallen man, the creature of a day,
Skills not that love to trace.
It needs, to tell the deed that Thou hast wrought,
An angel's deathless fire, ^{triumph} an angel's reach of thought.

It needs that very angel, One with awe
Amid the garden shade,
The great Creator in His sickness laid,
Soothed by a creature's aid,
And agonized, as victim of that Law
Which He Himself had made;
For who can praise Him in His depth and height,
But he who saw Him well in that triumphant fight.

Soul. Hark! for the heralds of the presence-gate
Are vibrating and echoing back the strain.

Fourth
Third choir of an-
-gels.

Praise to the Hosias in the height
And in the depth to praise;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most seen in all His ways.

He for blasphemed the Holy Lord,
As if He reckoned ill,
He that He placed His puppet men
The frontier place to fill.

For, even in his best estate,
With amplest gifts endowed,
A sorry sentinel was he,
Abusing of flesh and blood.

As though a thing, who for his help
Must needs possess a wife,
Could cope with those proud rebel hosts,
Who had angelic life.

And then, by blasphe-my of Eve,
That earth-born Adam fell,
He striked in triumph, and he cried,
"A sorry sentinel."

"The Maker by his word is bound,
^{Escape} ^{Curse}
~~Deliver~~ or shift is none,
^{Escape}
He must abandon to his doom,
And ^{stay} ^{holding} his ~~perpetrated~~ son.

Angel. And now the threshold, as we traverse it,
Fifth ^{settles} about its glad responsive chant.
Fourth Choir of Praise to the Highest in the height,
Angelicals

And in the depth of praise,
In all this world ^{most} ~~most wonderful~~ in all wonderful,
Most sure in all this ways.

O loving Wisdom of our God!

When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest Love! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against the foe,
Should strive and should prevail.

And that a higher gift than grace,
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and his very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

O generous Love! that he who smote
In man for man the foe,

The birth agony in man
For man should undergo,

And in the garden secretly,

And on the cross on high,
Should teach his brethren and ^{inspire} ~~inspire~~ ^{inspire}
To suffer and to die.

}6
Angel. Thy judgment now is near, for we are come
Into the brilliant presence of our God.

Lord. I hear the voices that I left on earth.

Angel. It is the voice of friends around the bed,
 Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.
 Whether the echoes come; before the Throne
 Stands the great Angel of the agony,
 The same who strengthened him, what time he knelt
 Alone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood.
 That Angel best can plead with him for all
 Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

Angel of the agony. Jesu! by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee;
 Jesu! by that cold dismay which sickened Thee;
 Jesu! by that pang of heart which thrilled in Thee;
 Jesu! by that mount of sins which crippled Thee;
 Jesu! by that sense of guilt which stifled Thee;
 Jesu! by that innocence which girded Thee;
 Jesu! by that sanctity which enquired in Thee;
 Jesu! by that Godhead which was one with Thee;
 Jesu! spare these souls ^{which were} so dear to Thee,
 Who in prison, calm and patient, wait for Thee;
 Haste, Lord, their hour, and bid them come to Thee,
~~With Thy promise that they never shall forsake Thee.~~
 To that glorious home, when they shall ever gaze on Thee.

Soul. 'I go before my Judge. Ah!

Angel.		~~to the moment~~ I wait for Thee!	with
	O happy, suffering soul! for he is safe, Consumed, but quickened, by the glance ^{of God} divine.		the last page.
Soul.	Take me away, and in the lowest deep Then let me lie; And then in peace the long night-vigils keep, For he is nigh. Then, motionless and happy in my pain, Alone, not forlorn, Then will I sing my plaintive constant strain, Until the morn. There will I sing ^{my} about my love and Lord; - Take me away, That sooner I may rise, and go abroad, And see him in the light of everlasting day.		

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound, showing the stitching or staples of the book's binding. There is no text or other markings on the page.

- Before the earth and the world were; from age to age Thou art God.
Thou turnest man to destruction; then Thou sayest, O Son of Adam, turn again.
A thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday, or as a watch of the night.
Thou art a God, a King, a Lord; as grief, springing up at noon, & withering
at even.
Thou art consumed in Thy wrath, and an overwhelming in Thy indignation.
Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee, in the light of Thy countenance.
Thou, O Lord! how long? and be merciful for Thy servants.
Turn us with Thy mercies in the morning, and we will praise Thee for ever.
Make us glad according to the days in which Thou hast afflicted us, and
turn ^{up} in Thy mercy, O God, thy glory in the presence of the Father in which we have seen with
Thee and our God to give us all a Father.
Praise be to the Father, to the Son, & to the Holy Ghost,
it was in the beginning is now, & ever shall be. Amen.

Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made
 The souls to The most dear,
 In prison, for the debt unpaid
 Of sins committed here.

 Those other holy souls, they suffer on,
 Resigned with heart and will,
 Until Thy high behest is done,
 And justice has its fill.

For daily falls, for pardoned crime,
They joy to undergo
The shadow of the Cross within,
The unmet of Thy will.
Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made,
The souls to Thee so dear,
In prison, for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.
O, by their patience of delay,
Their hope amidst their pain,
Their secret zeal to turn away
Disfigurement and stain,
O by their fire of love, not less
In bearing than the flame,
O by their very helplessness,
O by Thy own great Name,
Sweet Jesus, help, & sweet Jesus, aid,
The souls to Thee most dear,
In prison, for the debt unpaid
Of sins committed here.

Angel. Softly and gently, dearest, sweetest soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, over the perusal waters, as they roll,
I raise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And then, without a sob or a resistance,

~~Through the great profound deep~~ ^{Through the ^{huge} bright flood} ~~thy rapid way dost take,~~
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Will tend, and nurse, and ^{lull} thee, as thou liest;
And Messengers on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Will aid thee at the Throne of the Most High.

Farewell, but not for ever! ^{brother dear,} ~~dearest friend,~~
^{lovely}
Be brave, and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
^{Swiftly I shall pass thy night of trial here}
~~I shall~~ ~~the night of trial have over~~,
And I will come and ~~find~~ ^{wake} thee on the morrow.

February 7. 1865

+

ms. A. 1. 26

Soul. I go before my Judge. Ah!

Angel.

Praise to His Name!

That angry spirit, ^{that angry spirit} ~~For my fiery~~ ^{which spirit} ~~chakra~~ has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flown to the dear feet of Emmanuel.
But, on it reach'd them, the hush sanctity,
Which with its gleams, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorched, and shrivell'd it; and now it lies
Pallid and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quicken'd, by the glance of God.

Soul.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep

Then let me be,

And then in hope the lone night-watches keep,

Marked out for me.

Then, motionless and happy in my pain,

Lone, not forlorn,

Then will I sing my sad perpetual strain,

Until the morn.

Then will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,

Which ne'er can cease

To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess'd
Of its sole Peace.

Then will I sing my ^{word and love} about ~~dear~~ ^{dear} ~~dear~~ :-

Take me away,

That sooner I may rise, and ^{above} ~~far above~~;

And see him in the truth of ever-lasting day.

Angel

Now let the golden --

FACSIMILES OF EXTRACTS FROM
THE FIRST ROUGH DRAFT MS.

1. Jesu Maria! I am near to death.
2. O what a heart-subduing melody!
3. Then I was sent from heaven to set right.
4. Is in the case of each anticipated.
5. Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment.
6. O man! albeit the quickening beam.
7. O loving wisdom of our God.
8. Softly and gently, dearest, [] soul.

Dear & gentle...

Jesu Maria! I am near to death

but thou art calling me, I know it was.

~~was before me following me~~

It is not that I feel in my heart,

Not chill at heart, nor dappled - my heart,

I feel has mercy! Many pray for me!

'Tis this new feeling, more full of life,

- Be with me, dear, in my extremity -

That I am going, that I am as near.

~~This~~ ^{strong interest} ~~this~~ ^{interest} about me,

^{strong} - down of soul, great God, I look to Thee -

and ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~strong~~ ^{strong} ~~interest~~ ^{interest} ~~about me~~ ^{about me}

and natural free, by which I can be.

Pray for me, O my friends, a visitant

to, knocking his ~~strong~~ ^{dear} ~~interest~~ ^{interest} at my door

The like of this ^{some} ~~interest~~ ^{interest} ~~about me~~ ^{about me} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~death~~ ^{death}

has none, none come to me before.

~~interest~~ ^{interest} ~~about me~~ ^{about me} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~death~~ ^{death} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~death~~ ^{death}

As days my way bring me from day,

As time I see in a substance are,

~~When I was
about 10 years
old I was in the
army, - I was~~

My work is done
My task is o'er
and so I come
Taking it home
For the crown is won
Alas! he
For common.

Reptiles, and
 (man, strong compass & high
 boots with many lead weights
 attached, described as being
 quadruped, crawled with - like a
 eye looking up - head, tail and
 legs.

1870-1871
O. 1870
They'll as first
and then
as they
There can be no such thing as a free lunch
of the world they have been paid

Sol. It is a member of that family
of wondrous beings, who ~~can~~^{can} the world was
millions of eyes back here stood and
the throne of God: he knew has known us.

Then I was sent from Leavenworth to Fort Wright

The balance in his soul of truth & sin,

and I have waged a long & bloody fight
 Resolved that ~~these~~ ^{these} ~~devoted~~ ^{devoted} friends ~~shall~~ ^{shall} win
 which from its fallen state, when all was ~~lost~~ ^{lost}
 had been repurchased at so dear a cost!

O what a shifting patch-coloured scene

I hope & fear, of triumph & disney,

of wallpaper and furniture, has been

The history of our doings, lifelng pray,

and I have patient and her strong at grace
and of place to him and to her

the patent, prompt & lavish in ^{his new} ^{fully} place

3 men, strong & competent & have a ^{large} ~~large~~
monastery.

light ^{showing} purple double & bushy! fragrant flowers

Running to prisoners and: 20 during work

(~~copy~~)^k corrupted! reading nothing more!

the ever art so near to the ^{creation} of the same,

At when there last achieved some day of you!

How should ethereal waters compare

a bag and up of spirit a of clay

been in. not tasked to nurse ^{her} them as to lead
 child each to each ^{to} the school this month

drinks out to ^{each} one throughout their wonderful day!

Now then the Levant in his height of place

The angel guardian knows a lot of the various races.

249.
 Het film en van is het presentement
 rest

